

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithar;

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbotitie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasies, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rakers of orthographie, as to speake dour fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour vocatur nebour; neighabreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: ne intelligis domine, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. Borne boon for boon presciant, a little scratch, twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, & gaudio.*

Brag. Chitira.

Peda. *Quare Chitira, not Sitra?*

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Most millitarie fir salutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages, and stoine the scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easieswallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounfier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added.

Page. Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne; you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quoniam*, thou Consonant?

Page. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i o u.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediterraniurn, a sweet rutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick & home; it reioyeth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gidge of a Cuck-olds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfe penny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungel* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Art-man preambulat*, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or Mons the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Pauillion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Peda. The posterior of the day, most generous fir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you fir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene ys, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy cyrtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of frauell, that hath scene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrete, that the King would haue mee present the Princeesse (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or ornatike, or fire-workes. Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and fodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say none so fit as, to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. *Iofua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabees*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thump, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuise: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, *Well done Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Peda. *A good-man Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither.

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or for.

Peda. Or I will play

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey. Exit.
Peda. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime, As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to scale on *Cupid*'s name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax: For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallows too:
Rosa. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Rosa. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kar. A light condition in a beauty darke.
Rosa. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kar. You'll snare the light by taking it in snuffe: Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Rosa. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.
Kar. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rosa. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Kar. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Rosa. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But *Rosaline*, you haue a Favour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I haue Verfes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kar. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.
Rosa. Ware pensals, How? Let me not die your debtor,

My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I besheew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kar. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kar. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verfes of a faithfull Louer.

A huge translation of hypocritie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longanile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.
Qu. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Rosa. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.

That same *Berowne*:

O that I knew he w

How I would make

And wait the season

And spend his prod

And shape his seruic

And make him prou

So pertaunt like w

That he should be my

Qu. None are so

As Wit turn'd foole

Hath wifedoms war

And Wits owne gra

Rosa. The bloud o

As grauities reuolt

Mar. Follie in F

As fool'ry in the W

Since all the power

To proue by Wit, w

Qu. Heere come

Boy. O I am stab

Qu. Thy newes

Boy. Prepare Ma

Arme Wenches arm

Against your Peace,

Armed in argument

Muster your Wits, st

Or hide your heads!

Qu. Saint *Denn*

That charge their br

Boy. Vnder the c

I thought to close m

When lo to interrup

Toward that shade I

The King and his co

I stole into a neighb

And ouer-heard, w

That by and by disg

Their Herald is a pr

That well by heart h

Action and accent d

Thus must thou spee

And cuer and anon

Preference maiestica

For quoth the King

Yet feare not thou,

The Boy reply'd, A

I should haue fear'd

With that all laugh

Making the bold w

One rub'd his elboe

A better speech was

Another with his fin

Cry'd *via*, we will d

The thir'd he caper'd

The fourth turn'd o

With that they all d

With such a zelous l

That in this spleene

To checke their fol

Qu. But what

Boy. They do, t

Like *Muscouers*, or

Their purpose is to j